

OTHELLO.



Othello and Desdemona.

A. Kauffman inv.

Collier sculp.

Published, March 1, 1783, by T. Lowndes.

Act v. — Yet, I'll not shed her Blood. Sc. 2.

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OTHELLO,

The MOOR of VENICE,

A

TRAGEDY,

WRITTEN BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

Marked with the Variations in the

MANAGER's BOOK,

AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

R. Shakespeare. (M.)

LONDON:

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M.DCC.LXXXIV.

Dramatis Personæ, 1784.

Covent-Garden.

Drury Lane

Duke of Venice	—	Mr. CHAPLIN.	—	Mr. BOOTH.
Brabantio	—	Mr. AICKIN.	—	Mr. HULL.
Gratiano	—	Mr. WRIGHTEN.	—	Mr. FEARON.
Lodovico	—	Mr. PACKER.	—	Mr. DAVIES.
Othello	—	Mr. FARREN.	—	Mr. KEMBLE.
Cassio	—	Mr. PALMER.	—	Mr. WHITFIELD.
Jago	—	Mr. BENSLEY.	—	Mr. HENDERSON.
Roderigo	—	Mr. DODD.	—	Mr. BONNOR.
Montano	—	Mr. NORRIS.	—	Mr. MAHON.
Desdemona	—	—	—	Mrs. WARD.
Æmilia	—	—	—	Mrs. HOPKINS.
Bianca	—	—	—	Mrs. —

Seniors, Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, and Attendants.

S C E N E, during the first *Act*, in Venice; for the rest of the Play, in Cyprus.

OTHELLO, The *MOOR* of *VENICE*.

** The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatre are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas; as at Line 13 to 15 in Page 3.

ACT I. SCENE, *a Street in Venice.*

Enter Roderigo and Iago.

RODERIGO.

NEVER tell me. I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, shouldest know of this.

Iago. But you'll not hear me.
If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou did'st hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me,
If I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man,
I know my price; I am worth no worse a place,
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Non-suits my mediators: for certes, says he,
I have already chose my officer.

And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, 'a Florentine,'
A fellow 'almost damn'd in a fair wife,'
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; 'unless the bookish theorist,
'Wherein the toged consuls can propose
'As masterly as he:—mere prattle, without practice,
'Is all his soldiership. He had the election;

A 2

And

• And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
 • At Rhodes, at Cyprus; and on other grounds
 • Christian and heathen; must be beleev'd and calm'd
 • By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster:—

He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
 And I (God bless the mark!) his Moor-ship's ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. 'But there's no remedy; 'tis the curse of service;

• Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
 • And not by old gradation, where each second
 • Stood heir to the first.' Now, Sir, be judge yourself,
 If I in any just term am affin'd
 To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O Sir, content you;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him.

• We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
 • Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
 • Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
 • That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
 • Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
 • For nought but provender; and when he's old, cashier'd:
 • Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,
 • Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
 • Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
 • And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
 • Well thrive by them, and when they have lin'd their
 ' coats,

• Do themselves homage. These fellows have some
 ' soul;

• And such a one do I profess myself.

• For, Sir,

• It is as sure as you are Roderigo,

• Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago.

• In following him, I follow but myself,

Heaven is my judge! — Not I, for love and duty,

But, seeming so, for my peculiar end.

For when my outward action doth demonstrate

The native act and figure of my heart

In compliment extern, 'tis not long after

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,

For daws to peck at. I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
 If he can carry't thus!

Iago.

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
• Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen;
• And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
• Plague him with flies: though 'that' his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho! Brabantio! Signor Brabantio, ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! ho! Thieves!
thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

Brabantio *above at a window.*

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signor, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? Wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Sir, you are robb'd; 'for shame, put on your
gown:
• Your heart is burst,' you have lost half your soul;
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise,
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandfire of you.
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend Signor, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I:—What are you?

Rod. My name is Roderigo.

Bra. The worser welcome:

'I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors.'
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
• Being full of supper, and distemp'ring draughts,
• Upon malicious bravery,' dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir——

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good Sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? This is Venice,
My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul, I come to you.

Iago. Sir, 'you are one of those that will not serve
God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do
you service, you think we are russians.' You'll have
your daughter cover'd with a Barbary horse; you'll have
your nephews neigh to you: you'll have coursers for
cousins, and gennets for germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your
daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with
two backs.

Bra. Thou art — a villain.

Iago. You are — a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I beseech you,
• If't be your pleasure and most wife consent,
• (As partly, I find, it is) that your fair daughter,
• At this odd even and dull watch o' the night,
• Transported, with no worse nor better guard,
• But with a knave of hire, a Gondalier,
• To the gros clasps of a lascivious Moor:—
• If this be known to you, and your allowance,
• We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
• But, if you know not this, my manners tell me,
• We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
• That from the sense of all civility
• I thus would play and trifle with your reverence.
• Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
• I say again, hath made a gros revolt;
• Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes
• To an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
• Of here and every whe.e. Strait satisfy yourself.
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. 'Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper. Call up all my people.

This

This accident is not unlike my dream;
Belief of it oppresses me already.

Light! I say, light!

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you.
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall).
Against the Moor. ' For I do know, the state,
' However this may gall him with some check,
' Cannot with safety cast him: for he's embark'd
' With such loud reason to the Cyprus' war,
(Which even now stands in act) that, for their souls,
' Another of his fathom they have none,
' To lead their busines.' In which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell's pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag and sign of love,
Which is, indeed, but sign. That you may surely find
him,
Lead to the Sagittary the rais'd search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [Exit.]

Enter below Brabantio and servants.

Bra. It is too true an evil:—gone she is;
' And what's to come of my despised time,
' Is naught but bitterness.' Now, Roderigo,
Where did'st thou see her?—Oh unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, said'st thou?—' Who would be a
' father?'—
How did'st thou know 'twas she?—' Oh, thou deceiv'st
' me
' Past thought!—What said she to you?'—Get more
tapers;
Raise all my kindred.—Are they married think you?

Rod. Truly, ' I think,' they are.

Bra. Oh heaven! how got she out?
Oh treason of the blood!

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act. Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, Sir; I have, indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—' Oh, would you had had her!'

—Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can discover him; if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at mst: get weapons, ho!

And raise some special officers of might.

On, good Roderigo, I'll deserve your pains. [Exeunt.

S C E N E another Street.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it base and infamous,
To do a contriv'd murder. 'I lack iniquity
' Sometimes to do me service:—nine or ten times
I thought to have jerk'd him under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour;
That with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray, Sir,
Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,
That the Magnifico is much belov'd;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint, or grievance
The law (with all his might to enforce it on)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services, which I have done the Signory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege; and my demerits
May speak, unbonnetted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But look, what lights come yonder?

Enter

Enter Cassio, with Torches and Attendants.

Iago. Those are the raised father, and his friends:
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found;
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think, no.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
—The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste, post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;
• It is a business of some heat. The gallies.
• Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
• This very night, at one another's heels:
• And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,
• Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly
call'd for,

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate sent about three several quests
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you.

[Exit.]

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land-carrack;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To whom?

Re-enter Othello.

Iago. Marry to—Come, Captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, with Officers.

Iago. It is Brabantio: general, be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla! stand there.

Rod. Signor, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

[They draw on both sides.]

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, Sir, I am for you.—

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will
rust 'em.—

Good Signor, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief! where hast thou stow'd my
daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,

If she in chains of magic were not bound,

Whether a maid, so tender, fair, and happy,

So opposite to marriage, that she shun'd

The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom

Of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight?

• Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,

• That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms,

• Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,

• That weaken notion—I'll have it disputed on;

• 'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking?

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee

For an abuser of the world, a practiser

Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.

— Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,

Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,

Both you of my inclining, and the rest.

Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it

Without a prompter. Where will you that I go

To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison; 'till fit time

Of law, and course of direct session

Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?

How may the duke be therewith satisfied;

Whose messengers are here about my side,

Upon some present business of the state,

To bring me to him?

Off.

THE MOOR OF VENICE.

II

Off. True, most worthy Signor,
The duke's in council; and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night! Bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cause. The duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own:
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be. [Exeunt.

S C E N E a Council Chamber.

Duke and Senators sitting. Officers in waiting.

Duke. There is no composition in this news,
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd;
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

Duke. And mine a hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine two hundred;
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases where they aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment.
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.
[Sailors within.] What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter a Messenger.

Off. A messenger from the gallies.

Duke. Now? what's the business?

Mess. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes:
So was I bid report here to the state.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason. 'Tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze: when we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk,
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it.

- For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
- But altogether lacks the abilities
- That Rhodes is dress'd in. If we make thought of this,
- We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,
- To leave that latest which concerns him first?
- Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
- To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.'

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Offi. Here is more news.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mes. The Ottomites, (reverend and gracious,) Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes, Have there injointed them with an after-fleet.—

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought: how many, as you guess?

2 Mes. Of thirty sail: and now do they re-stem Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signor Montano, Your trulyst and most valiant servitor, With his free duty, recommends you thus,

{*Gives a Packet.*}

And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.— Marcus Lucchese, is he not here in town?

1 Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us, wish him, post, post-haste: dispatch.

1 Sen. Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Roderigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you Against the general enemy Ottoman.— I did not see you; welcome, gentle Signor, [To Brab.] We lack'd your counsel, and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours: good your grace, pardon me: Neither my place, nor ought I heard of busines, Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care Take hold on me; for my particular grief Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature, That it engluts and swallows other sorrows, And it is still itself.

Duke.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! oh, my daughter!

San. Dead? —

Bra. Ay, to me;

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:
For nature so preposterously to err,
‘ Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,’
Sans witchcraft could not —

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
Has thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace. —

Here is the man, this Moor; whom now it seems,
Your special mandate for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke. We are very sorry for it.

What in your own part can you say to this? [To *Othello*.

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in ‘ my’ speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
‘Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself: yet, by your ‘ gracious’ patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden, never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; and she, in spite of nature,

Of

Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
 To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on? —
 • It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
 • That will confess, perfection so could err
 • Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
 • To find out practices of cunning hell,
 • Why this should be.' I therefore vouch again,
 That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
 Or with some dram, conjur'd to this effect,
 He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this is no proof,
 • Without more certain and more overt test
 • Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
 • Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

• *I Sen.* But, Othello, speak: —
 Did you by indirect and forced courses
 Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
 Or came it by request, and such fair question
 As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I beseech you,
 Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
 And let her speak of me before her father:
 If you do find me foul in her report,
 The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
 Not only take away, but let your sentence
 Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.

[Exit Iago.]

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
 I do confess the vices of my blood,
 So justly to your grave ears I'll present,
 How did I thrive in this fair lady's love,
 And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
 Still question'd me the story of my life;
 From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
 That I have past.
 I ran't through, e'en from my boyish days,
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
 Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
 Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;

Of

Of hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach ;
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,
 And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
 ' And portance in my travel's history :
 ' Wherein of antres vast, and desarts idle,
 ' Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads touch
 heaven,
 ' It was my hint to speak, such was the process ;
 ' And of the cannibals that each other eat,
 ' The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
 ' Do grow beneath their shoulders.'
 Of battles bravely, hardly fought : of victories,
 For which the conqueror mourn'd, so many fell :
 Sometimes I told the story of a siege,
 Wherein I had to combat plagues and famine ;
 Soldiers unpaid ; fearful to fight,
 Yet bold in dangerous mutiny. These things to hear
 Would Desdemona seriously incline ;
 But still the house-affairs would draw her thence,
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse : which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not distinctively. I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of fighs :
 She woe, *In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange ;*
'twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :
 She wish'd she had not heard it ;—yet she wish'd
 That heaven had made her such a man :—She thank'd me ;
 And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. On this hint, I spake :
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had past,
 And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.—
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too.—
 Good Brabantio,

Take up this mangled matter at the best;
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak;
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man!

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants.

Bra. Come hither, gentle mistress;
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where you most owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education,
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you. You are the lord of duty;
I am hitherto your daughter: but here's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother shew'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge, that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. 'God be with you!'—I have done.
'Please it your grace, on to the state-affairs;'
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. 'For your sake, jewel,
'I am glad at soul I have no other child;
'For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
'To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.
'Duke. Let me speak like yourself; and lay a sentence,
'Which, as a grise, or step, may help these lovers
'Into your favour.—
'When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
'By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
'To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
'Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
'What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
'Patience her injury a mockery makes.
'The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the thief;
'He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra.

‘ *Bra.* So, let the Turk, of Cyprus us beguile,
 ‘ We lose it not, so long as we can smile ;
 ‘ He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
 ‘ But the free comfort which from thence he hears :
 ‘ But he bears both the sentence, and the sorrow,
 ‘ That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
 ‘ These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
 ‘ Being strong on both fides, are equivocal.
 ‘ But words are words ; I never yet did hear,
 ‘ That the bruis’d heart was pierced through the ear.
 ‘ I Humbly’ beseech you now ‘ proceed’ to the affairs
 o’ the state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you : ‘ and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safe voice on you :’ you must therefore be content to flubber the gloss of your new fortunes, with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
 Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
 My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize
 A natural and prompt alacrity
 I find in hardness ; and do undertake
 This present war against the Ottomites.
 Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
 I crave fit disposition for my wife ;
 Due reference of place, and exhibition ;
 With such accommodation, and besor
 As levels with her breeding.

Duke. ‘ If you please,’
 Be’t at her father’s.

Bra. I will not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I ; I would not there reside,
 To put my father in impatient thoughts
 By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
 To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear,
 And let me find a charter in your voice
 To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona ?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
 My down-right violence and storm of fortunes
 May trumpet to the world. My heart’s subdu’d

Even to the very quality of my lord :
 I saw Othello's visage in his mind ;
 And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
 Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
 So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
 A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
 The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me :
 And I a heavy interim shall support,
 By his dear absence.—Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords.—'Beseech you, let her will
 Have a free way. I therefore beg it not,
 To please the palate of my appetite ;
 'Nor to comply with heat (the young affects,
 'In me defunct) and proper satisfaction ;'
 But to be free and bounteous to her mind.
 And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
 I will your serious and great business scant,
 For she is with me :—no, when light-wing'd toys,
 Of feather'd Cupid foil with wanton dulness
 My speculative and active instruments,
 That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
 Let ' housewives make a skillet of my helm,
 ' And' all indign and base adversities
 Make head against my estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
 Either for her stay or going : the affair cries haste,
 And speed must answer it. You must hence to-night.

Des. To night, my lord ?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.
 Othello, leave some officer behind,
 And he shall our commission bring to you ;
 And such things else of quality and respect
 As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, Iago ;
 A man he is of honesty and trust :
 To his conveyance I assign my wife,
 With what else needful your good grace shall think.
 To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—

Good night to every one. And, noble Signor,
 If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
 Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sens.

Sen. 'Adieu, brave Moor! Use Desdemona well.'

Bra. Look to her Moor; have a quick eye to see;
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke and Senators.*]

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage ——
Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter and direction
To speak with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt Otello and Desdemona.*]

Rod. Iago ——

Iago. What sayest thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'it thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou doit, I shall never love thee after.
Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment:
and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our
physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have look'd upon the world for
four times seven years; and since I could distinguish be-
twixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that
knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would
drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I would
change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to
be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus,
or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our
wills are gardeners. So that if we will plant nettles,
or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply
it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many;
either have it sterl with idleness, or manured with in-
dustry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this
lies in our will. If the balance of our lives had not
one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the
blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us
to most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason
to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our un-
bitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call love, to
be a set or scyon.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago.

Iago. ‘ It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission
‘ of the will.’ Come, be a man. Drown thyself? drown
cats and blind puppies. I have profess’d me thy friend,
and ‘ I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of
‘ perdurable toughness.’ I could never better stead thee
than now. Put money in thy purse: follow these wars;
‘ defeat thy favour with an usurped beard.’ I say, put
money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should
long continue her love to the Moor—Put money in thy
purse—‘ nor he his to her. It was a violent commence-
ment in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestra-
tion.—Put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are
‘ changeable in their wills.—Fill thy purse with money.
‘ The food, that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall
‘ be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must
‘ change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she
‘ will find the error of her choice.—She must have change,
‘ she must: therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou
‘ wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than
‘ drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sancti-
‘ mony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring Barbarian and
‘ a super-subtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits,
‘ and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore
‘ make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean
‘ out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hang’d in com-
‘ passing thy joy, than to be drown’d and go without her.’

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on
the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me.—Go, make money.—I
have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again,
I hate the Moor. My cause is hearted; thine hath no
less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against
him. If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a
pleasure, and me a sport. ‘ There are many events in
‘ the womb of time, which will be delivered.’ Traverse;
go. Provide thy money. We will have more of this
to morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i’ the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I’ll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am chang’d. I’ll go sell all my land.

Iago.

Iago. ' Go to, farewell; put money enough in your
' purse'— [Exit Roderigo.]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I should time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office. I know not, if't be true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man. Let me see now;—
To get his place, and to plume up my will,
A double knavery — How? how? — Let's see: —
After some time to abuse Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife:—
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses are.
I have't; — it is engender'd: — hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

[Exit.]

A C T II.

S C E N E, *The Capital of Cyprus.*

Enter Montano ' and two Gentlemen.

‘ M O N T A N O .

‘ W H A T from the cape can you discern at sea?
‘ 1 Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought
‘ flood;
‘ I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main
‘ Descry a sail.
‘ Mont. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
‘ A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
‘ If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
‘ What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
‘ Can hold the mortice? What shall we hear of this?

‘ 2 Gent.

‘ 2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
 ‘ For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
 ‘ The chiding billows seem to pelt the clouds;
 ‘ The wind-shak’d surge, with high and monstrous main,
 ‘ Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
 ‘ And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole.
 ‘ I never did like molestation view
 ‘ On the enchafted flood.
 ‘ Mont. If that the Turkish fleet
 ‘ Be not in shelter’d, and embay’d, they are drown’d;
 ‘ It is impossible they bear it out.

‘ Enter a third Gentleman,

‘ 3 Gent. News, lads! our wars are done:
 ‘ The desperate tempest hath so bang’d the Turks,
 ‘ That their designtment halts. A noble ship of Venice
 ‘ Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
 ‘ Of most part of their fleet.
 ‘ Mont. How! is this true?
 ‘ 3 Gent. The ship is here put in,
 ‘ A Veronese; Michael Cassio,
 ‘ Lieutenant of the warlike Moor Othello,
 ‘ Is come on shore: the Moor himself’s at sea,
 ‘ And is in full commission here for Cyprus.
 ‘ Mont. I’m glad on’t; ‘tis a worthy governor.
 ‘ 3 Gent. But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort
 ‘ Touching the Turkish los, yet he looks sadly,
 ‘ And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
 ‘ With foul and violent tempest.
 ‘ Mont. Pray heavens, he be:
 ‘ For I have serv’d him, and the man commands
 ‘ Like a full soldier. Let’s to the sea-side, ho!
 ‘ As well to see the vessel that’s come in,
 ‘ As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
 ‘ [Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue
 ‘ An indistinct regard.]
 ‘ Gent. Come, let’s do so;
 ‘ For every minute is expectancy
 ‘ Of more arrivance.’

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
 That so approve the Moor: oh, let the heavens
 Give him defence against the elements,

For

For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mont. Is he well ship'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

Within.] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Cas. What noise?

Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry,—a sail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

‘ *Gent.* They do discharge their shot of courtesy:
Our friends, at least. [Guns heard.]

Cas. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

Gent. I shall.

[Exit.]

Mont. But good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath atchiev'd a maid
That paragons description, and wild fame;
‘ One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
‘ And in the essential vesture of creation
‘ Does bear all excellency’ —

Enter a Gentleman.

How now? who has put in?

Gent. 'Tis one Iago, Ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
‘ The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
‘ Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting safe go by
The divine Desdemona.

Mont. What is she?

Cas. She that I speake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
‘ Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
‘ A se'nnight's speed. Great Jove, Othello guard,
‘ And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
‘ That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
‘ Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
‘ Give renew'd fire to our extinguished spirits,
‘ And bring all Cyprus comfort!’ —

Enter

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Roderigo, and Aemilia.

O behold,
The riches of the ship is come on shore !
'Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.'
Hail to thee, lady ! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand
Enwheel thee round !

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio ;
What tidings can you tell me of my lord ?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd ; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear :—how lost you company ?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship. 'But, hark ! a sail !'

* *Within.* A sail, a sail ! [Guns beard.]

* *Gent.* They give this greeting to the citadel :
* This likewise is a friend.

* *Cas.* See for the news.— [An Attendant goes out.]
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, mistress.

[To Aemilia.]

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners : 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold shew of courtesy. [Kisses her.]

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas ! she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much ;
'I find it still, when I have list to sleep.'
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She put her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Aemil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on ; you're pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds !

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer !

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk ;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Aemil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should encrease,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here; it is too much of joy.
And this, and this, the greatest discords be [Kissing her.
That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. Oh, you are well-tun'd now!
But I'll let down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I seem. [Aside.

Oth. 'Come, let us to the castle.'
News, friends; our wars are done; the Turks are drown'd.
How do our old acquaintance of this isle?
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongst them. Oh my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts. Pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect. Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*

Iago. 'Do you meet me presently at the harbour?
Come thither, if thou be'st valiant; 'as (they say) base
'men, being in love, have then a nobility in their na-
'tures, more than is native to them.'—List me. The
lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard. First,
I must tell thee, this Desdemona is directly in love with
him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible?

Iago. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instru^ded.
Mark me with what violence she first lov'd the Moor, but
for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies. And will
she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart
think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall
she have to look on the devil? 'When the blood is made
'dull with the act of sport, there should be,—again to in-
'flame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—loveliness
in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties;
all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of

‘ these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, Sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and unforc’d position) who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no farther consonable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? Why none; why none: a slippery and subtle knave; a finder of warm occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself. A devilish knave: besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after. A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.’

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most bles’d condition.

Iago. Bleſſ’d figs’ end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes. ‘ If she had been bleſſ’d, she would never have lov’d the Moor:’ bleſſ’d pudding! Didſt thou not ſee her paddle with the palm of his hand? didſt not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Letchery, by this hand! an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust, and foul thoughts. ‘ They met ſo near with their lips, that their breaths embrac’d together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities ſo marshal the way, hard at hand comes the main exercise, the incorporate conclusion. Pifſ!—But, Sir, be you rul’d by me. I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night. For the command, I’ll lay’t upon you. Cassio knows you not:—I’ll not be far from you. Do you find ſome occasion to anger Cassio, either by ſpeaking too loud, or taunting his discipline; or from what other cause you please, which the time ſhall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he’s rafſh, and very ſudden in choler: and, haply, may ſtrike at you. Provoke him, that he may: for, even ‘ out’ of that will I cause theſe of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification ſhall come into no true taste again, but by the diſplanting of Cassio. ‘ So shall you have

have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without which there were no expectation of our prosperity.'

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

[Exit.]

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit: The Moor,—howbeit that I endure him not,— Is of a constant, loving, nob'l nature; And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now I love her too; Not out of absolute lust (though, peradventure, I stand accountant for as great a sin) But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leap'd into my seat. The thought whereof Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards, And nothing can, or sha'l content my soul, Till I am even with him, wife for wife: Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor At last into a jealousy so strong, That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do, If this poor brach of Venice, whom I trace For his quick hunting, stand the putting on, I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip; Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb, (For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too) Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me For making him egregiously an afs, And practising upon his peace and quiet, Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd; Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd.

[Exit.]

S C E N E a Street.

Enter Herald with a Proclamation.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that upon certain tidings now arriv'd, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bon-

' fires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him ; for, besides this beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open ; and there is full liberty of sealing, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general Othello !'

S C E N E *the Castle-gate.*

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night : Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop, Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do : But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest. Michael, good night. To-morrow, with your earliest, Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love, The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue ; [To Desd.] That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you. —Good night. [Exit Othello and Desdemona.]

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, Iago : we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant : 'tis not yet ten o'clock. Our general cast us thus early, for the love of his Desdemona : whom let us not therefore blame ; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has ! methinks, it sounds a party to provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye ; and yet, methinks, right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love ?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets ! Come lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine ; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Cas.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago. I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our friends. But one cup; I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too; and, behold, what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What man? 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Within. I pray you call them hither.

Cas. I'll do't, but it dislikes me. [Exit *Cassio*.

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, With that which he hath drunk to-night already, He'll be as full of quarrel and offence, As my young mistress's dog. — Now, my sick fool, Roderigo, Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out, To Desdemona hath to-night carouz'd Potations potle deep; and he's to watch. Three lads of Cyprus—noble swelling spirits, That hold their honours in a wary distance, The very elements of this warlike isle, Have I to-night flutter'd with flowing cups, And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards, Am I to put our Cassio in some action That may offend the isle.—But here they come. If consequence do but approve my dream, My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Enter *Cassio*, *Montano*, and *Gentlemen*.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one. Not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

[*Iago* sings.]

And let me the canakin clink, clink, clink,

And let me the canakin clink.

A soldier's a man;

A life's but a span;

Why, then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learn'd it in England: where (indeed) they are most potent in potting. Your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking?

Iago. Why he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. Oh sweet England!

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them six-pence all too dear,
With that he call'd the taylor lowr.
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
*'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
 Then take thine auld cloak about thee.'*

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well—Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For my own part—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me. The Lieutenant is to be saved before the Ancient. Let's have no more of this.—Let's to our affairs. Forgive us our sins! gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk. This is my Ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand. I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well then; you must not think then that I am drunk.

[Exit.
Manent

Manent Iago and Montano.

Mont. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before: He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar, And give direction. And do but see his vice; 'Tis to his virtue a just equinox, 'The one as long as the other. 'Tis pity of him; I fear, the trust Othello puts him in, On some odd time of his infirmity, Will shake this island.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep: 'He'll watch the horologe a double set, 'If drink rock not his cradle.'

Mont. It were well
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

Enter Roderigo.

Iago. How now, Roderigo!
I pray you after the lieutenant, go. [Exit Rod.

Mont. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action to say so
Unto the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island.
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark, what noise?
[Cry within Help! help!

Re-enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave!—teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

Mont. Nay, good lieutenant; [Staying him.
I pray you, Sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, Sir, or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk?

[They fight.]

Iago. Away, I say, go out and cry, a mutiny.

Exit Roderigo.

Nay, good lieutenant—‘ Alas, gentlemen—

‘ Help, ho!—Lieutenant—Sir—Montano—‘ Sir !’

Help, masters! here’s a goodly watch, indeed!—

Who’s that, who rings the bell?—‘ diablo, ho !’

[Bell rings.]

The town will rise. Fie, fie, lieutenant! hold:

You will be sham’d for ever.

Enter Othello and Attendants.

‘ *Oth.* What is the matter here?

‘ *Mont.* I bleed still, I am hurt to the death—he dies.’

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

‘ *Iago.* Hold, ho! lieutenant—Sir—Montano—

‘ Gentlemen

‘ Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

‘ Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame—

‘ *Oth.* Why, how now, ho! From whence ariseth this?

Are we turn’d Turks; and to ourselves do that,

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For christian shame put by this barbarous brawl:

He, that stirs next to carve for his own rage,

Holds his foul light; he dies upon his motion—

[Bell rings again.]

Silence that dreadful bell; it frights the isle

From her propriety. What is the matter, masters?—

Honest Iago, that look’st dead with grieving,

Speak, who began this? on thy love I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know.—Friends all, but now, even now,

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom

Divesling them for bed; and then, but now—

As if some planet had unwitted men—

Swords out, and tilting one at other’s breast,

In opposition bloody. I cannot speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds;

And, ’would, in action glorious I had lost

Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

Cas.

Cas. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;

The gravity and stillness of your youth

The world hath noted, and your name is great

In mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter,

That you unlace your reputation thus,

And spend your rich opinion, for the name

Of a night-brawler? Give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger.

Your officer, Iago, can inform you—

While I spare speech (which something now offends me)

Of all that I do know: nor know I aught

By me that's said or done amiss this night,

Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,

And to defend ourselves it be a sin,

When violence affails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,

‘ My blood begins my safer guides to rule;

‘ And passion, having my best judgment collied,

‘ Affays to lead the way.’ If I once stir,

Or do but lift this arm, the best of you

Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know

How this foul rout began, who set it on;

And he that is approv'd in this offence,

Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,

Shall lose me. — What! in a town of war,

Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,

To manage private and domestic quarrel,

In night, and on the court of guard and safety!

‘ Tis monstrous. Iago, who began't?

Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,

Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,

Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:

I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,

Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio:

Yet I persuade myself, to speak the truth

Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general:

Montano and myself being in speech,

There comes a fellow, crying out for help,

And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,

To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman

Steps in to Cassio, and intreats his pause;

Myself the crying fellow did pursue,

I est, by his clamour (as it so fell out)
 The town might fall in fright. He, swift of foot,
 Out-ran my purpose; and I return'd, the rather
 For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
 And Cassio high in oath; which till to-night
 I ne'er might say before. When I came back,
 (For this was brief) I found them close together
 At blow and thrust; even as again they were,
 When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter cannot I report:—
 But men are men; the best sometimes forget:
 Thou Cassio did some little wrong to him,
 As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
 Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd
 From him, that fled, some strange indignity,
 Which patience could not pass.

Oib. I know, Iago,
 Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
 Making it light to Cassio.—Cassio, I love thee,
 But never more be officer of mine.—

Enter Desdemona attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up—
 I'll make thee an example.

Def. What is the matter, dear?

Oib. All's well, now, sweeting: come away to bed.
 Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.—

Lead him off.—

Jago, look with care about the town;
 And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—
 Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldiers' life,
 To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*To Montano,
 who is led off.*

Exit. Manent Iago and Cassio.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant;

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! oh, I have
 lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of my-
 self, and what remains is bestial. My reputation! Iago,
 my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I had thought you had
 received some bodily wound; there is more sense in that,
 than

than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again. ' You are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; ' even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright ' an imperious lion.' Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so flight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. ' *Drunk, and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?*' oh thou invincible spirit of wine; if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly: a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! ' that we should with joy, revel, pleasure, ' and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!'

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough. How came you thus recovered?

Cas. It has pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. ' Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the ' time, the place, and the condition of this country ' stands,' I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by-and-by a fool, and presently a beast! ' Oh ' strange!'—Every inordinate cup is unbless'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think, I love you.

Cas. I have well approv'd it, Sir.—I drunk!

Iago.

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do: our general's wife is now the general:—‘ I may say so, in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement, of her parts and graces. Confess yourself freely to her,’ importune her help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, ‘ that’ she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than ‘ she’ is requested. ‘ This broken joint between you and her husband, intreat her to splinter: and my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.’

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [Exit Cassio.

Iago. And what’s he then, that says, I play the villain? When this advice is free I give, and honest; Probable to thinking, and (indeed) the course To win the Moor again. For ‘tis most easy The inclining Desdemona to subdue In any honest suit; ‘ she’s fram’d as fruitful As the free elements. And then for her To win the Moor,—were’t to renounce his baptism, All seals and symbols of redeemed sin, — His soul is so enfetter’d to her love That she may make, unmake, do what she list, Even as her appetite shall play the god With his weak function. ‘ How’ am I then a villain, To counsel Cassio to this parallel course, Directly to his good? ‘Tis hell’s divinity. When devils will their blackest sins put on, They do suggest at first with heavenly shews, As I do now.—For while this honest fool Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes, And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor, I’ll pour this pestilence into his ear, — That she repeals him for her body’s lust:

And

And, by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch ;
And out of her own goodness make the net.
That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Roderigo !

Enter Roderigo.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound
that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money
is almost spent ; I have been to-night exceedingly well
cudgelled ; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have
so much experience for my pains : and so, with no money
at all, and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience !—
What wound did ever heal but by degrees ?
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft ;
And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does't not go well ? Cassio hath beaten thee ;
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio.
• Though other things grow fair against the sun,
• Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe.
• Content thyself a while.—By the mass, 'tis morning :
• Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.'—
Retire thee ; go where thou art billeted.

Away, I say.—Thou shalt know more hereafter.

—Nay, get thee gone. [Exit Roderigo.

Two things are to be done ;

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress :

I'll set her on :—

Myself, the while, will draw the Moor apart,

And bring him jump, when he may Cassio find

Soliciting his wife :—ay, that's the way :

Dull not device by coldness and delay.

[Exit.

A C T III.

• S C E N E, *The Castle.*

• *Enter Cassio with Musicians.*

• C A S S I O.

• MASTERS, play here,—I will content your
‘ pains—

• Something that's brief ; and bid, Good-morrow, general.

[Musick plays ; and enter Clorun.

• Clorun.

‘ *Clown.* Why, masters, have your instruments been in
 ‘ Naples, that they speak i’ the nose thus ?

‘ *Mus.* How, Sir, how !

‘ *Clown.* Are these, I pray you, wind instruments ?

‘ *Mus.* Ay, marry, are they, Sir.

‘ *Clown.* Oh, thereby hangs a tale.

‘ *Mus.* Whereby hangs a tale, Sir ?

‘ *Clown.* Marry, Sir, by many a wind instrument that
 ‘ I know. But, masters, here’s money for you : and the
 ‘ general so likes your music, that he desires you, of all
 ‘ loves, to make no more noise with it.

‘ *Mus.* Well, Sir, we will not.

‘ *Clown.* If you have any music that may not be heard,
 ‘ to’t again : but, as they say, to hear music, the general
 ‘ does not greatly care.

‘ *Mus.* We have none such, Sir.

‘ *Clown.* Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I’ll
 ‘ away. Go ; vanish into air. Away.

[*Exeunt Mus.*]

‘ *Cas.* Dost thou hear, my honest friend ?

‘ *Clown.* No, I hear not your honest friend ; I hear you.

‘ *Cas.* Pr’ythee, keep up thy quilletts. There’s a poor
 ‘ piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman, that attends
 ‘ the general’s wife, be stirring, tell her, there’s one Cassio
 ‘ entreats of her a little favour of speech. Wilt thou do
 ‘ this ?

‘ *Clown.* She is stirring, Sir ; if she will stir hither, I
 ‘ shall seem to notify unto her.

[*Exit Clown.*]

‘ *Cas.* Do my good friend.

‘ *Enter Iago.*

‘ In happy time, Iago.

‘ *Iago.* You have not been a bed then ?

‘ *Cas.* Why, no ; the day had broke
 ‘ Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,

‘ To send in for your wife : my suit to her

‘ Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
 ‘ Procure me some access.

‘ *Iago.* I’ll send her presently :

‘ And I’ll devise a mean to draw the Moor
 ‘ Out of the way, that your converse and business
 ‘ May be more free.

[*Exit.*]

‘ *Cas.* I humbly thank you for’t. I never knew
 ‘ A Florentine more kind and honest.

‘ To him enter Æmilia.

‘ *Æmil.* Good morrow, good lieutenant. I am sorry
 ‘ For your displeasure; but all will soon be well.
 ‘ The general and his wife are talking of it;
 ‘ And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies,
 ‘ That he, you hint, is of great fame in Cyprus,
 ‘ And great affinity; and that in wholesome wisdom
 ‘ He might not but refuse you. But, he protests, he loves
 ‘ you;
 ‘ And needs no other suitor, but his likings,
 ‘ To take the safest occasion by the front
 ‘ To bring you in again.
 ‘ *Cas.* Yet, I beseech you—
 ‘ If you think fit, or that it may be done—
 ‘ Give me advantage of some brief discourse
 ‘ With Desdemona alone.
 ‘ *Æmil.* Pray you, come in;
 ‘ I will bestow you where you shall have time
 ‘ To speak your bosom freely.
 ‘ *Cas.* [I am much bound to you.]

[*Exeunt.*]

‘ S C E N E, *A Room in the Castle.*

‘ Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.
 ‘ *Oth.* These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
 ‘ And by him do my duties to the state:
 ‘ That done, I will be walking on the works.
 ‘ Repair there to me.
 ‘ *Iago.* Well, my good lord, I'll do't.
 ‘ *Oth.* This fortification, gentlemen—shall we see't?
 ‘ *Gent.* We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

‘ S C E N E, *Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Æmilia.

Def. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
 All my abilities in thy behalf.

Æmil. Good Madam, do. I know, it grieves my
 husband
 As if the case were his.
Def. Oh, that's an honest fellow. Doubt not, Cassio,
 But I will have my lord and you again
 As friendly as you were.

Cas.

O T H E L L O,

Cas. Most bounteous Madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. Oh, Sir, I thank you. You do love my lord;
You have known him long; and, be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
'Or breed itself so out of circumstance,'
That I, being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Æmilie here,
I give thee warrant of thy place. 'Assure thee,
• If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
• To the last article. My lord shall never rest;
• I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
• His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
• I'll intermingle every thing he does
• With Cassio's suit: therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter Othello and Iago at a distance.

Æmil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now. I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretions.

[Exit Cassio.

Iago. Ha! I like not that.—

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I 'do' believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord?

I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,

If

If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take:
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face.
I pr'ythee call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth, so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn;
I pray thee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;
‘And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that, they say, the wars mu't make examples
‘Out of their best) is not almost a fault
‘To incur a private check.’ When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello, I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me, that I would deny,
‘Or stand soammering on?’ What! Michael Cassio,
That came a wooing with you; and many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much—

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will;

‘I will deny thee nothing.’

‘Des. Why, this is not a boon:

‘Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
‘Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm;
‘Or sue to you to do peculiar profit
‘To your own person. Nay, when I have a suit,
‘Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
‘It shall be full of poize and difficulty,
‘And fearful to be granted.’

Oth.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing :
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this —
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you ? No. Farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona ; I will come ' to thee' straight.

Des. *Æ*Emilia ; come. — Be it as your fancies teach you : Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [Exit with *Æ*mil.

Oth. Excellent wretch ! — Perdition catch my soul, But I do love thee ! and when I love thee not, Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord —

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago ?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady, Know of your love ?

Oth. He did, from first to last. Why dost thou ask ?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought ; No farther harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago ?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with it.

Oth. Oh, yes ; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed ?

Oth. Indeed ! ay, indeed. — Discern'st thou aught in that ?

Is he not honest ?

Iago. Honest, my lord ?

Oth. Honest ? ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think ?

Iago. Think, my lord ? —

Oth. Think, my lord ! — By heaven he echoes me ; As if there were some monster in his thought Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean something ; I heard thee say but now, *thou lik'dst not that* —

When Cassio left my wife. What did'st not like ?

And, when I told thee, he was of my counsel, In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, *indeed ?*

And did'st contract and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain

Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,

Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost :

And — for I know thou art full of love and honesty,

And

And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath—
 Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
 For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
 Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
 They are close delations working from the heart,
 That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio—
 I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;
 Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none!'

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
 As thou dost ruinate; and give thy worst of thoughts
 The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me.
 Though I am bound to every act of duty,
 I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
 Utter my thoughts!—Why, say, they are vile and false—
 As where's that palace whereinto foul things
 Sometimes intrude not? 'Who has a breast so pure,
 'But some uncleanly apprehensions
 'Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit
 'With meditations lawful?'

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
 If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
 A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,
 Though I — perchance, am vicious in my guess,
 (As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
 To spy into abuse; and oft my jealousy
 Shapes faults that are not:) I entreat you then,
 From one that so improbably conceits,
 Your wisdom would not build yourself a trouble
 Out of his scattering and unsure observance.—
 It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
 Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
 To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?
Iago. Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls:

Who

Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something, no-
thing ;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. 'By heaven,' I'll know thy thoughts—

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand ;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha !

Iago. Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy ;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth make
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;
But, oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves !

Oth. Oh misery !

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough ;
But riches endles, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor. —
Good heaven ! the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy !

Oth. Why ? why is this ?
Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy ?
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions ? No ; to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolv'd. ' Exchange me for a goat,
• When I shall turn the business of my soul
• To such exsuffolate and blowne surinises,
• Matching thy inference.' 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well ;
Where virtue is, these are most virtuous :
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt :
For she had eyes, and chose me — No, Iago,
I'll see, before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove :
And, on the proof, there is no more but this—
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this ; for now I shall have reason
To shew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit. Therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me.—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife ; observe her well with Cassio ;

THE MOOR OF VENICE.

47

Wear your eye—thus ; not jealous, nor secure.
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of self bounty be abus'd ; look to't :
I know our country's disposition well ;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not shew their husbands ; their best conscience
Is, not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so ?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you ;
And when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Go to, then ;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak —
He thought, 'twas witchcraft :—but I am much to blame :
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever,

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear, it has.
I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love :—but, I do see, you are mov'd—
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech would fall into such vile success,
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend.—
My lord, I see you are mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd :

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so ! and long live you to think so !

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself —

Iago. Ay, there's the point : as, to be bold with you,
Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree ;
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends :
Foh ! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—
But, pardon me ; I do not, in position,
Distinctly speak of her ; though I may fear,

Her

Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And, happily, repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell :
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more :
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave.

[Going.]

Oth. Why did I marry ? —
This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord,—I would I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no further ; leave it to time :
And though 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability;) —
Yet if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him, and his means.
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong, or vehement importunity ;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have to fear, I am)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

[Exit.]

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Happily, for I am black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have ; or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years ; — yet that's not much ; —
She's gone ; I am abus'd ; and my relief
Must be — to loth her. Oh curse of marriage !
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites ! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses. ' Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones ;
• Prerogativ'd are they less than the base :
• ' Tis destiny unshunnable, like death.
• Even then, this forked plague is fated to us,
• When we do quicken.' Desdemona comes :

Enter Desdemona and Aemilia.

If she be false, oh, then heaven mocks itself! —
I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speak so faintly? Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Why, that's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your handkerchief is too little:

[*She drops her handkerchief.*

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt Desd. and Oth.*

Aemil. I am glad I have found this handkerchief;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it; ' but she so loves the token,
' (For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it)
' That she reserves it evermore about her,
' To kiss and talk to.' I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give it Iago:
What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Aemil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. You have a thing for me?

It is a common thing —

Aemil. ' Ha! ' What?

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Aemil. Oh, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Aemil. What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Aemil. No; but she let it drop by negligence;

C

And,

And, to the advantage, I, being here, took it up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench ; give it me.

Æmil. What will you do with it, you have been so earnest

To have me filch it ?

Iago. Why, what is that to you ? [Snatching it.

Æmil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give it me again : poor lady ! she'll run mad
When she shall miss it.

Iago. Be not you known on't : I have use for it.

Go, leave me. [Exit *Æmil.*

I will in Cassio's lodgings lose this handkerchief,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison :
‘ Dangerous conceits are, in their nature, poisons,
‘ Which at the first are scarce found to distaste ;
‘ But, with a little act upon the blood,
‘ Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so.’—

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes ! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep,
Which thou owedst yesterday.

Otb. Ha ! False ? To me ! ‘ to me !’

Iago. Why, how now, general ? No more of that.

Otb. Avaunt ! be gone ! thou hast set me on the rack.
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How ‘ now,’ my lord ?

Otb. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust ?
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me :
I slept the next night well, was free, and merry ;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips :
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Otb. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind ! Farewell content !

Farewell

Farewell the plumed troops, and the big war,
 That makes ambition virtue! oh, farewell!
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
 The royal banner, and all quality,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
 And oh, you mortal engines, whose rude throats
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
 Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is it possible? — My lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
 Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof,

[*Catching hold on him.*]

Or, by the worth of my eternal soul,
 Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
 Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this?

Oth. Make me to see it; or (at 'the' least) so prove it,
 That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
 To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord —

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
 Never pray more: abandon all remorse;
 On horror's head horrors accumulate;
 Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
 For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
 Greater than that.

Iago. Oh grace! oh heaven defend me!
 Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?
 God be wi' you; take mine office — O wretched fool,
 That liv'lt to make thine honesty a vice!
 Oh monstrous world! Take note, take note, oh world,
 To be direct and honest, is not safe —
 I thank you for this profit; and from hence
 I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay. — Thou shouldst be honest —

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
 And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
 I think my wife is honest, and think she is not;
 I think that thou art just, and think thou art not.
 I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh
 As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
 As my own face. If there be cords or knives,

Poison or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it. 'Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, Sir, you are eaten up with passion;
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, and will.

Iago. And may; but how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you be supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her 'tupp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! oh!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that prospect: damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them boliter,
More than their own. What then? how then?
Where's satisfaction? What shall I say?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk: but yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you might have it.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office:
But fith I am enter'd in this cause so far—
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.—
There are a kind of men, so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio:
In sleep I heard him say, *Sweet Desdemona,*
Let us be wary, let us bide our loves!
And then, Sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand;
Cry, *Oh sweet creature,* and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
And grew upon my lips: then 'laid his leg
• Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd, and then'
Cry'd, Cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor!

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion;
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet.—Tell me but this:
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief,
(I am sure it was your wife's) did I to day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that—

Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.

Oth. Oh, that the slave had forty thousand lives;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see, 'tis true.—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'Tis gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
Yield up, oh love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspicks' tongues!

Iago. Yet 'pray,' be content.

Oth. Oh blood, blood, 'Iago,' blood—

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like 'to' the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontick, and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
'Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [He kneels.
I here engage my words.—

Iago. Do not rise yet. [Iago kneels.
Witness, ye ever-burning lights above!
Ye elements, that clip us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command,
And to obey, shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't.
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead;
'Tis done at your request. But, let her live.
Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! oh, damn her, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.—

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E, *Another Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter Desdemona, Æmilia, and Clown.

• *Des.* Do you know, firrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies?
• *Clown.* I dare not say, he lies any where.
• *Des.* Why, man?
• *Clown.* He's a soldier; and for me to say a soldier
 lies, is stabbing.
• *Des.* Go to; where lodges he?
• *Clown.* To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you
 where I lie.
• *Des.* Can any thing be made of this?
• *Clown.* I know not where he lodges; and for me to
 devise a lodging, and say, he lies here, or he lies there,
 were to lie in mine own throat.
• *Des.* Can you enquire him out? and be edified by
 report?
• *Clown.* I will catechize the world for him; that is,
 make questions, and bid them answer.
• *Des.* Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him, I
 have mov'd my lord on his behalf, and hope, all will be
 well.
• *Clown.* To do this is within the compass of man's
 wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing of it.

[‘Exit.’]

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Æmilia?

Æmil. I know not, Madam.

Des. Believe me, ‘ I had rather have lost my purse
 Full of cruzadoes. And’ but my noble Moor
 Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness

As

As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Æmil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think, the fun, where he was born,
Drew all such humours from him.

Æmil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio be
Call'd to him. How is it with you, my lord?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady. [Aside.] Oh, hardness to
dissemble!

How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my lord.

Oth. Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart:
Hot, hot, and moist. This hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand. The hearts, of old, gave hands;
But our new heraldry is hands, not heart.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I've sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and full rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault. That handkerchief
Did an Ægyptian to my mother give:
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, 'and' subdue my father
Intirely to her love; but, if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loath'd, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: she, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wife,
To give it her. I did so; and take heed on't,
Make it a darling, like your precious eye;
To lose't, or give't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is it possible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's magic in the web of it:
A Sybil, that had numbred in the world
Of the sun's course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;
And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is it true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to it well.

Des. Then would to heaven that I had never seen it!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startlingly, and rash?

Oth. Is it lost? is it gone? speak, is it out of the way?

Des. Bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what, an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch it, let me see it.

Des. Why, so I can, Sir; but I will not now:

This is a trick to put me from my suit;

Pray you, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief. My mind misgives.

Des. Come, you'll ne'er meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief—

• *Des.* I pray talk me of Cassio.

• *Oth.* The handkerchief—

Des. A man, that, all his time,

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;

Shar'd dangers with you—

Oth. The handkerchief—

Des. Insooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away!—

[Exit Othello.

Æmi. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:

I am

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Æmil. 'Tis not a year, or two, shews us a man :
 ' They are all but stomachs, and we all but food ;
 ' They eat us hungerly, and, when they are full,
 ' They belch us.' Look you ! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Iago. There is no other way. 'Tis she must do't ;
 And lo, the happiness ! Go, and importune her.

Def. How now, good Cassio ? what's the news with you ?

Cass. Madam, my former suit : ' I do beseech you,
 ' That by your virtuous means I may again
 ' Exist, and be a member of his love,
 ' Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,
 ' Intirely honour. I would not be delay'd,
 ' If my offence be of such mortal kind,
 ' That neither service past, nor present sorrows,
 ' Nor purpos'd merit in futurity
 ' Can ransom me into his love again ;
 ' But to know so, must be my benefit.
 ' So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
 ' And shut myself up in some other course,
 ' To fortune's alms.'

Def. Alas ! thrice-gentle Cassio,
 My advocation is not now in tune :
 My lord is not my lord ; nor should I know him,
 Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
 ' So help me every spirit sanctified,
 ' As I have spoken for you all my best ;
 ' And stood within the blank of his displeasure,
 ' For my free speech ! You must a-while be patient,
 ' What I can do, I will ; and more I will
 ' Than for myself I dare. Let that suffice you.'

Iago. Is my lord angry ?
Æmil. He went hence but now ;
 And, certainly, in strange unquietnes.
Iago. Can he be angry ? ' I have seen the cannon,
 ' When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
 ' And, like the devil, from his very arm
 ' Puft his own brother ; and can he be angry ?'
 Something of moment, then : I will go meet him.

Def. I pr'ythee, do so.

Iago. There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [Exit.

Def. Something, sure, of state,

• Either' from Venice, ' or some unhatch'd practice,
 • Made here demonstrable in Cyprus to him,
 • Hath puddled his clear spirit: and, in such cases,
 • Mens' natures wrangle with inferior things,
 • Though great ones are their object.
 • 'Tis even so; for let our finger achi,
 • And it endues our other healthful members
 • Even to that sense of pain. Nay, we must think,
 • Men are not gods; —
 • Nor of them look for such observances
 • As fit the bridal. Beshrew me much, Æmilie,
 • I was (unhandsome warrior as I am)
 • Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
 • But now, I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
 • And he's indited falsely.

Æmil. Pray heaven, it be state-matters, as you think;
 And no conception, nor 'no' jealous toy,
 Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day! I never gave him cause.

Æmil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
 They are not ever jealous for a cause,
 But jealous, for they are jealous. 'Tis a monster
 Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Æmil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout:
 If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
 And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[Exeunt Desdemona and Æmilie.

• Enter Bianca.

• *Bian.* Save you, friend Cassio.
 • *Cas.* What makes you from home?
 • How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
 • Indeed, sweet love, I was coming to your house.
 • *Bian.* And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
 • What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
 • Eightscore eight hours; and lovers' absent hours,
 • More tedious than the dial, eightscore times?
 • Oh weary reckoning!
 • *Cas.* Pardon me, Bianca;
 • I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd:
 • But

• But I shall in a more continuatue time
 • Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
 [‘Giving her Desdemona’s handkerchief.

• Take me this work out.
 ‘Caf. Oh Cassio, whence came this?
 • This is some token from a newer friend:
 • To the felt absence now I feel a cause.
 • Is it come to this? well, well.
 ‘Caf. Go to, woman!
 • Throw your vile guesses in the devil’s teeth,
 • From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
 • That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
 • No, in good truth, Bianca.
 ‘Bian. Why, whose is it?
 ‘Caf. I know not, neither. I found it in my chamber;
 • I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
 • (As like enough it will) I’d have it copied:
 • Take it, and do’t; and leave me for this time.
 ‘Bian. Leave you! wherefore?
 ‘Caf. I do attend here on the general;
 • And think it no addition, nor my wish,
 • To have him see me woman’d.
 ‘Bian. Why, I pray you;
 ‘Caf. Not that I love you not.
 ‘Bian. But that you do not love me.
 • I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
 • And say, if I shall see you soon at night?
 ‘Caf. ’Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
 • For I attend here. But I’ll see you soon.
 ‘Bian. ’Tis very good; I must be circumstanc’d.

[‘Exeunt.’]

A C T IV.

SCENE, *An Apartment in the Castle,*

Enter Othello and Iago.

IAGO.

WILL you think so?
 Oth. Think so, Iago?
 Jago. What, to kifs in private?
 Oth. An unauthoriz’d kifs.

‘ *Iago*. Or to be naked with her friend in bed
 • An hour, or more, not meaning any harm ?
 ‘ *Otb.* Naked in bed, *Iago*, and not mean harm ?
 • I is hypocrisy against the devil :
 ‘ They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
 ‘ The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.’
Iago. If they do nothing, ‘tis a venial slip :
 But if I give my wife a handkerchief —

Otb. What then ?

Iago. Why then, ‘tis hers, my lord ; and, being hers,
 She may, I think, bestow’t on any man.

Otb. She is protectress of her honour too ;
 May she give that ?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that’s not seen ;
 They have it very oft, that have it not :
 But for the handkerchief —

Otb. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it : —
 Thou saidst — oh, it comes o’er my memory,
 As doth the raven o’er the infected house,
 Boding to all — he had my handkerchiefs.

‘ *Iago*. Ay, what of that ?

‘ *Otb.* That’s not so good now.’

Iago. What if I said, I had seen him do you wrong ?
 Or heard him say — as knaves ‘ be such abroad,
 • Who having by their own importunate suit,
 • Or voluntary dotage of some mistrels,
 • Convinc’d or suppled them, they cannot chuse
 • But they’ must blab.

Otb. Hath he said any thing ?

Iago. He hath, my lord ; but be you well assur’d,
 No more than he’ll unswear.

Otb. What hath he said ?

Iago. Why, that he did — I know not what he did —

Otb. What ? what ?

Iago. Lie —

Otb. With her ?

Iago. With her, on her : what you will.

Otb. Lie with her ! ‘ lie on her ! We say, lie on her,
 • when they belie her. Lie with her ! that’s fulsome.
 • Handkerchief — confessions — handkerchief — to confess,
 • and be hang’d for his labour — First, to be hang’d, and
 • then — to confess : — I tremble at it — nature would not
 • invest herself in such shadowing passion without some
 • instruction. It is not words that shake me thus — pish ! —
 ‘ noses,

‘ noses, ears, and lips :—is it possible !—confess !—hand-
kerchief !—oh devil !—

[‘ Falls in a trance.

‘ Iago. Work on,
‘ My medicine, work ! Thus credulous fools are caught ;
‘ And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
‘ All guiltless, meet reproach. What ho ! my lord !
‘ My lord, I say ! Othello ! —

‘ Enter Cassio.

‘ How now, Cassio ?
‘ Cas. What’s the matter ?
‘ Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy ;
‘ This is the second fit, he had one yesterday.
‘ Cas. Rub him about the temples.
‘ Iago. No, forbear :
‘ The lethargy must have his quiet course :
‘ If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
‘ Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs.
‘ Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
‘ He will recover straight ; when he is gone,
‘ I would on great occasion speak with you. —

[‘ Exit Cassio.

‘ How is it, general ? have you not hurt your head ?
‘ Oth. Dost thou mock me ?
‘ Iago. I mock you ! no, by heaven :
‘ Would you bear your fortunes like a man.
‘ Oth. A horned man’s a monster, and a beast.
‘ Iago. There’s many a beast, then, in a populous city,
‘ And many a civil monster.
‘ Oth. Did he confess it ?
‘ Iago. Good Sir, be a man ;
‘ Think, every bearded fellow that’s but yok’d,
‘ May draw with you. Millions are now alive,
‘ That nightly lie in those unproper beds,
‘ Which they dare swear peculiar your case is better.
‘ Oh, ’tis the spight of hell, the fiend’s arch-mock,
‘ To lip a wanton in a secure couch ;
‘ And to suppose her chaste ! No, let me know ;
‘ And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.
‘ Oth. Oh, thou art wise ; ’tis certain.
‘ Iago. Stand you a while apart ;
‘ Confin yourself but in a patient list.
‘ Whilst you were here, o’erwhelmed with your grief,

‘ (A pas-

' (A passion most unsuiting such a man)
 ' Cassio came hither. I shifted him away,
 ' And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy ;
 ' Bade him anon return, and here speak with me ;
 ' The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself,
 ' And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
 ' That dwell in every region of his face ;
 ' For I will make him tell his tale anew,
 ' Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
 ' He hath, and is again to cope your wife :
 ' I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience ;
 ' Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
 ' And nothing of a man.

' *Otb.* Do thou hear, Iago ?
 ' I will be found most cunning in my patience ;
 ' But (dost thou hear) most bloody ?
 ' *Iago.* That's not amiss ;
 ' But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw ?

[*Othello withdraws.*

' Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
 ' A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
 ' Buys herself bread and cloaths. It is a creature
 ' That dotes on Cassio ; as 'tis the strumpet's plague
 ' To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one ;
 ' He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
 ' From the excess of laughter. Here he comes.

Enter Cassio.

' As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad ;
 ' And his unbookish jealousy must construe
 ' Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
 ' Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieutenant ?
 ' *Cas.* The worser, that you give me the addition,
 ' Whose want even kills me.
 ' *Iago.* Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.
 ' Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,

[*Speaking lower.*

' How quickly should you speed ?
 ' *Cas.* Alas, poor caitiff !
 ' *Otb.* Look, how he laughs already ! [A_{side}.
 ' *Iago.* I never knew a woman love man so.
 ' *Cas.* Alas, poor rogue ! I think, indeed, she loves me.
 ' *Otb.* Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out. [A_{side}.
 ' *Iago.*

‘ *Iago*. Do you hear, *Cassio* ?

‘ *Otb.* Now he importunes him

‘ To tell it o'er. Go to; well said, well said. [*Aside*.]

‘ *Iago*. She gives it out, that you shall marry her :

‘ *Cas.* Ha, ha, ha !

‘ *Otb.* Do you triumph, Roman ? do you triumph ?

[*Aside*.]

‘ *Cas.* I marry her ! — What ? a customer ! pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha !

‘ *Otb.* So, so, so, so, they laugh that win. [*Aside*.]

‘ *Iago*. Why, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

‘ *Cas.* Pr'ythee, say true.

‘ *Iago*. I am a very villain else.

‘ *Otb.* Have you scor'd me ? well.

[*Aside*.]

‘ *Cas.* This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

‘ *Otb.* Iago beckons me: now he begins the story.

[*Aside*.]

‘ *Cas.* She was here even now: she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus about my neck —

‘ *Otb.* Crying, Oh dear *Cassio*, as it were: his gesture imports it. [*Aside*.]

‘ *Cas.* So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha ! —

‘ *Otb.* Now he tells how the pluck'd him to my chamber. Oh, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. [*Aside*.]

‘ *Cas.* Well, I must leave her company.

‘ *Iago*. Before me ! look where she comes.

‘ *Enter Bianca*.

‘ *Cas.* 'Tis such another fitchew ! marry, a perfum'd one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me ?

‘ *Bian.* Let the devil and his dam haunt you ! what did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now ? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work. A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there. This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work ;

‘ there

‘ there—give it to your hobby-horse. Wheresoever you had it, I’ll take out no work on’t.

‘ *Cas.* How now, my sweet Bianca? how now? how now?

‘ *Oth.* By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

[‘ *Aside.*

‘ *Bian.* If you’ll come to supper to-night, you may: if you will not, come when you are next prepar’d for.

[‘ *Exit.*

‘ *Iago.* After her, after her.—

‘ *Cas.* I must, she’ll rail in the streets else.

‘ *Iago.* You sup there?

‘ *Cas.* Yes, I intend so.

‘ *Iago.* Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

‘ *Cas.* Pr’ythee, come. Will you?

‘ *Iago.* Go to; say no more. [Exit *Cassio.*

‘ *Oth.* How shall I murder him, *Iago*?

‘ *Iago.* Did you perceive how he laugh’d at his vice?

‘ *Oth.* Oh, *Iago*!—

‘ *Iago.* And did you see the handkerchief?

‘ *Oth.* Was that mine?

‘ *Iago.* Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife — She gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

‘ *Oth.* I would have him nine years a killing:

‘ A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

‘ *Iago.* Nay, you must forget that.

‘ *Oth.* Ay, let her rot and perish, and be damn’d to-night; for she shall not live. No, my heart is turn’d to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a sweeter creature — She might lie by an emperor’s side, and command him tasks.

‘ *Iago.* Nay, that’s not your way.

‘ *Oth.* Hang her, I do but say what she is: — so delicate with her needle! — An admirable musician! Oh, she will sing the savageness out of a bear! Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

‘ *Iago.* She’s the worst for all this.

‘ *Oth.* Oh, a thousand, a thousand times: —

‘ And then of so gentle condition!

‘ *Iago.* Ay, too gentle.

‘ *Oth.* Nay, that’s certain.

But

' But yet the pity of it, Iago—Oh, Iago, the pity of it,
' Iago! —

' Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her
' patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near
' no body.

' Oth. I will chop her into messes.—Cuckold me!

Iago. Oh, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago, this night: I'll not
expostulate with her, lest her body and her beauty unpro-
vide my mind again:—this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed,
Even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good:

The justice of it pleases.—Very good.

Iago. And, for Cassio, let me be his undertaker.
You shall hear more by midnight. [A trumpet within.

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico
Come from the duke. And, see, your wife is with him.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Lod. Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, Sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[Gives him a letter.

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

Def. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signor.

Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you: how does lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, Sir.

Def. ' Cousin' there's fallen between him and my lord
An unkind breach; but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Def. My lord? —

Oth. This fail you not to do, as you will— [Reads.

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?

Def. A most unhappy one; I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Def. My lord!

Oth.

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. 'May be the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed!

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet Othello?

Oth. Devil! —

[Striking her.]

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw it. 'Tis very much:
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. Oh devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile: —
Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

[Going.]

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady: —

I do beseech your lordship call her back.

Oth. Mistress —

Des. My lord.

Oth. What would you with her, Sir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again: and she can weep, Sir, weep;
And she's obedient, as you say; — obedient —
Very obedient. — Proceed you in your tears —
Concerning this, Sir — Oh well-painted passion! —
I am commanded home: — get you away,
I'll send for you anon. — Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice. — Hence, avaunt!

[Exit Desdemona.]

Cassio shall have my place; and — Sir, to night
I do entreat that we may sup together.

You are welcome, Sir, to Cyprus. — Goats and mon-
kies!

[Exit.]

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full senate
Call all-in-all sufficient? 'tis the nature,
• Which passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
• The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
• Could neither graize nor pierce.

[Iago.]

• *Iago.* He is much chang'd.
 • *Lod.* Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?
 • *Iago.* He is, that he is; I may not breathe my censure;
 • What he might be—if what he might, he is not—
 • I would to heaven he were!
 • *Lod.* What, strike his wife!
Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; yet 'would I knew
 That stroke would prove the worst.
Lod. Is it his use?
 Or did the letters work upon his blood,
 And new-create this fault?
Iago. Alas, alas!
 It is not honesty in me to speak
 What I have seen and known. ' You shall observe him;
 • And his own courses will denote him so,
 • That I may save my speech.' Do but go after,
 And mark how he continues.
Lod. I am sorry that I am deceived in him. [Exeunt.

SCENE, another apartment in the Castle.

Enter Othello and *Æmilie*.

Otb. You have seen nothing then?
Æmil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.
Otb. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.
Æmil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
 Each syllable that breath made up between them.
Otb. What, did they never whisper?
Æmil. Never, my lord.
Otb. Nor send you out o'the way?
Æmil. Never.
Otb. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor
 nothing?
Æmil. Never, my lord.
Otb. That's strange!
Æmil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
 Lay down my soul at stake; if you think other,
 Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
 If any wretch hath put this in your head,
 Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
 For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
 There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
 Is foul as slander.

Otb.

Oth. Bid her come hither ; — go. [Exit *Æmilia*.
 She says enough ; — yet she's a simple bawd,
 That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
 A closet lock and key of villainous secrets ;
 And yet she'll kneel, and pray : I have seen her do't.

Re-enter Æmilia with Desdemona.

Des. My lord, what is your will ?
Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.
Des. What is your pleasure ?
Oth. Let me see your eyes. Look in my face.
Des. What horrible fancy's this ?
Oth. [To *Æmilia*.] Some of your function, mistress ;
 Leave procreants alone, and shut the door ;
 Cough, or cry, hem, if any body come :
 Your mystery, your mystery ; — nay, dispatch.

[Exit *Æmilia*.
Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import ?
 I understand a fury in your words,
 But not the words.

Oth. Why ? what art thou ?
Des. Your wife, my lord ; your true and loyal wife.
Oth. Come, swear it ; damn thyself ; lest being like one
 Of heaven, the devils themselves should fear to seize thee.
 Therefore be double damn'd ; swear thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.
Des. To whom, my lord ? With whom ? How am
 I false ?

Oth. Oh, Desdemona ! away ! away ! away !
Des. Alas, the heavy day ! Why do you weep ?
 Am I the motive of these tears, my lord ?
 If, haply, you my father do suspect
 An instrument of this your calling back,
 Lay not your blame on me ; if you have lost him,
 Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
 To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
 All kind of sores and shames on my bare head,
 Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips :
 Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes ;
 I should have found in some place of my soul
 A drop of patience. But (alas) to make me

A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at—‘oh! oh!’
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner’d up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence;
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—Turn thy complexion there!
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp’d cherubim;
Ay, there, look grim as hell.

Def. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. Oh, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. Oh thou weed!
Who art so lovely fair, and smell’st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee—

‘Would thou hadst ne’er been born!

Def. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What committed!
‘Committed!—oh, thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did but I speak thy deeds.—What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush’d within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it. What committed?—Impudent
strumpet!

Def. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Def. No, as I am a christian.

‘If to preserve this vessel for my lord
‘From any other, foul, unlawful touch,
‘Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.’

Oth. What, not a whore?

Def. No, as I shall be saved.

‘*O. b.* Is it possible?

‘*Def.* Oh, heaven forgive us!’

Oth. I cry your mercy, then:
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—

Enter Aemilia.

You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to St. Peter,
And keep the gate of hell ; you ! you ! ay, you !
We have done our course ; there's money for your pains ;
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel. [Exit.

Aemil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive ?—
How do you, madam ? how do you, my good lady ?

Def. 'Faith, half asleep.'

Aemil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord ?

Def. With whom, Aemilia ?

Aemil. With my lord, madam ?

Def. Who is thy lord ?

Aemil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Def. I have none : do not talk to me, Aemilia.

' I cannot weep ; nor answer have I none,

' But what should go by water. Pray, to night

' Lay on my bed my wedding-sheets—Remember ;—
Go call thy husband hither.

Aemil. Here's a change indeed !

[Exit.

Def. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.

' How have I been behav'd, that he might stick

' The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse.

Enter Iago with Aemilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam ? How is it with you ?

Def. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks :
He might have chid me so ; for in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady ?

Aemil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despight and heavy terms upon her,
That true hearts cannot bear.

Def. Am I that name, Iago ?

Iago. What name, fair lady ?

Def. Such, as she says, my lord did say I was

Aemil. He call'd her whore : a beggar in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so ?

Def. I do not know ; I am sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep ; alas the day !

Aemil.

Æmil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd—whore? Would it not make one weep?

Def. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for it! How comes this trick upon
him?

Def. Nay, heaven doth know.

Æmil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Has not devis'd this slander: I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Def. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

Æmil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her whore? Who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—
Oh heaven, that such companion thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Æmil. Oh, fie upon him! some such 'squire he was,
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without;
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Def. Alas, Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel: [Kneeling].
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Or in discourse, or thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them on any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do shake me off,
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. 'I can't say, whore;
'It does abhor me now I speak the word;
'To do the act that might the addition earn,
'Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.'

Iago.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour; The busines of the state does him offence, And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other —

Iago. It is but so, I warrant. [Trumpets. ' Hark how these instruments summon to supper ! ' And the great messengers of Venice stay ;' Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Æmilie.*]

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo ?

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary ?

Rod. Every day thou doft'st me with some device, Iago; and rather (as it seems to be now) keep'st from me all convenience, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it. Nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo ?

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much; for your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With naught but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist. You have told me she hath received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well ! go to ! I cannot go to, man, nor 'tis not very well: nay, I think, it is scurvy; and begin to find myself fobb'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now —

Rod. Ay, and said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago.

Iago. Why, now, I see, there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant do I buil'd on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo. Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever—I mean purpose, courage, and valour—this night shew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well; what is it? Is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? Why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. Oh, no; he goes into Mauritania, and taketh away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be linger'd here by some accident: wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean removing him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do.

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself à profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot; 'and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure. I will be near to second your attempt, 'and he shall fall between us.' Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste. About it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied.

D

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

SCENE *a room in the Castle..*

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, *Æ*milia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, Sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. Oh, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. ' Will you walk, Sir?'—Oh Desdemona!—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant. I will be return'd forthwith. Dismiss your attendant there. Look, it be done. [Exit.

Des. I will, my lord.

Æmil. How goes it now? He looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says, he will return immediately;

And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to dismiss you.

Æmil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good *Æ*milia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him.

Æmil. I would you had never seen him!

• *Des.* So would not I; my love doth so approve him,
• That even his stubbornness, his cheeks, and frowns—

• (Pr'ythee unpin me)—have grace and favour in them.

• *Æmil.* I have laid those sheets you bade me on
‘ the bed.

• *Des.* All's one. Good father! how foolish are our
‘ minds?

• If I do die before thee, pr'ythee shroud me

• In one of those same sheets.

• *Æmil.* Come, come, you talk.

• *Des.* My mother had a maid called Barbara;

• She was in love; and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,

• And did forsake her. She had a song of willow,

• An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,

• And she dy'd singing it. That song to-night

• Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,

• But to go hang my head all o' one side,

• And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee dispatch.

• *Æmil.* Shall I go fetch your night gown?

• *Des.*

‘ *Des.* No, unpin me here.—
 ‘ This Lodovico is a proper man.
 ‘ *Æmil.* A very handsome man.
 ‘ *Des.* He speaks well.
 ‘ *Æmil.* I know a lady in Venice would have walk’d
 barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.
 ‘ *Des.* The poor soul sat singing by a sycamore-tree,
 ‘ Sing all a green willow; [Singing]
 ‘ Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
 ‘ Sing willow, willow, willow:
 ‘ The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur’d her
 ‘ moans;
 ‘ Sing willow, &c.
 ‘ Her salt tears fell from her, and soften’d the stones;
 ‘ Lay by these:
 ‘ Sing willow, &c.
 ‘ Willow, willow, &c.
 ‘ Pr’ythee, hye thee; he’ll come anon.
 ‘ Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

2.

‘ Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve.
 ‘ Nay that’s not next—Hark, who is it that knocks?
 ‘ *Æmil.* It is the wind.
 ‘ *Des.* I call’d my love false love; but what said he
 ‘ then?
 ‘ Sing willow, &c.
 ‘ If I court more women, you’ll couch with more men.
 ‘ So get thee gone. Good night. Mine eyes do itch,
 ‘ Doth that bode weeping?
 ‘ *Æmil.* ’Tis neither here nor there.
 ‘ *Des.* I have heard it said so.—Oh these men, these
 ‘ men!
 ‘ Dost thou in conscience think, tell me, *Æmilia*,
 ‘ That there be women do abuse their husbands
 ‘ In such gross kind?
 ‘ *Æmil.* There be some such, no question.
 ‘ *Des.* Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?
 ‘ *Æmil.* Why, would not you?
 ‘ *Des.* No, by this heavenly light.
 ‘ *Æmil.* Nor I neither, by this heavenly light:
 ‘ I might do’t as well i’ the dark.
 ‘ *Des.* Would thou do such a deed for all the world?
 ‘ *Æmil.* The world is a huge thing,
 ‘ It is a great price for a small vice.

‘ *Def.* In troth, I think, thou wouldest not.

‘ *Æmil.* In troth, I think, I should ; and undo’t when
 ‘ I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for
 ‘ a joint-ring ; nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns,
 ‘ petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition : but for
 ‘ all the whole world ; why, who would not make her
 ‘ husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch ? I should
 ‘ venture purgatory for’t.

‘ *Def.* Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
 ‘ For the whole world.

‘ *Æmil.* Why, the wrong is but a wrong i’ the world ;
 ‘ and having the world for your labour, ’tis a wrong in
 ‘ your own world, and you might quickly make it
 ‘ right.

‘ *Def.* I do not think there is any such woman.

‘ *Æmil.* Yes, a dozen ; and as many to the vantage,
 ‘ As would stow the world they play’d for.
 ‘ But, I do think, it is their husbands’ faults,
 ‘ If wives do fall. Say, that they slack their duties,
 ‘ And pour our treasures into foreign laps ;
 ‘ Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
 ‘ Throwing restraint upon us ; or, say, they strike us ;
 ‘ Or scant our former having in despight :
 ‘ Why, we have galls ; and though we have some grace,
 ‘ Yet we have some revenge. Let husbands know,
 ‘ Their wives have sense like them ; they see and smell,
 ‘ And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
 ‘ As husbands have. What is it that they do,
 ‘ When they change us for others ? Is it sport ?
 ‘ I think it is ; and doth affection breed it ?
 ‘ I think it doth : Is’t frailty that thus errs ?
 ‘ It is so too. And have not we affections ?
 ‘ Desires for sports ? and frailty, as men have ?
 ‘ Then let them use us well ; else let them know,
 ‘ The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

‘ *Def.* Good night, good night : heaven me such usage
 ‘ send,

‘ Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend !’

[*Exeunt.*

A C T

A C T V.

S C E N E, *A Street.**Enter Iago and Roderigo.*

I A G O.

HERE, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:
 Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
 'Quick, quick; fear nothing, I'll be at thy elbow.'
 It makes us, or it mars us: think on that,
 And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.*Iago.* Here at thy hand. Be bold and take thy stand.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
 Yet he hath given me satisfying reasons: —

'Tis but a man gone.—Forth, my sword. He dies.

[Stands apart.]

Iago. 'I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,
 'And he grows angry.' Now, whether he kill Cassio,
 Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
 Every way makes my gain. Live Roderigo,
 He calls me to a restitution large
 Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,
 As gifts to Desdemona.
 It must not be:—If Cassio do remain,
 He hath a daily beauty in his life,
 That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
 May unfold me to him; there stand I in peril.
 No, he must die:—Be it so; I hear him coming.

*Enter Cassio.**Rod.* I know his gait, 'tis he.—Villain, thou diest.*[He runs at Cassio, and wounds him.]*

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
 But that my coat is better than thou know'st.
 I will make proof of thine.

*[Fight. Iago cuts Cassio behind his leg, and exit, then Roderigo and Cassio fall.]**Rod.* Oh, I am slain!*Cas.* I am maim'd for ever.—Help, ho! murder! murder!

‘Enter Othello above.

‘Oth. The voice of Cassio.—Iago keeps his word.’
 Rod. ‘Oh,’ villain that I am !
 ‘Oth. It is even so.’
 Cas. Oh, help, ho ! ‘light !’ a surgeon ! —
 ‘Oth. ’Tis he. O brave Iago, honest and just,
 • That hath such noble sense of thy friend’s wrong !
 • Thou teachest me—Minion, your dear lies dead ;
 • And your fate hies apace.—Strumpet, I come :
 • Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are
 • blotted,
 • Thy bed, lust stain’d, shall with lust’s blood be spotted.
 • Exit Othello.

‘Enter Lodovico and Gratiano at a distance.

Cas. What, ho ! No watch ? No passage ? Murder,
 murder !
 • Gra. ’Tis some mischance ; the voice is very direful.
 • Cas. Oh, help !
 • Lod. Hark !
 • Rod. O wretched villain !
 • Lod. Two or three groans. It is a heavy night ;
 • These may be counterfeits : let’s think’t unsafe
 • To come in to the cry without more help.’
 Rsd. No body come ? then shall I bleed to death,

Enter Iago with a light and a sword.

‘Lod. Hark —
 • Gra. Here one comes in his shirt, with a light and
 ‘weapons.’
 Iago. Who’s there ? Whose noise is this that cries out
 murder ?
 • Lod. We do not know.
 • Iago. Do not you hear a cry ?
 • Cas. Here, here ; for heaven’s sake, help me.
 • Iago. What’s the matter ?
 • Gra. This is Othello’s Ancient, as I take it.
 • Lod. The same, indeed ; a very valiant fellow.
 • Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously ?
 Cas. Iago ? oh I am spoil’d, undone by villains !
 Give me some help.

Iago.

Iago. Oh me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,

And cannot make away.

‘*Iago.* Oh treacherous villains!

‘ What are you there? Come in, and give some help.

‘ [To Lod. and Gra.]

Rod. Oh, help me here!

Cas. That’s one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! oh villain! [Iago stabs him.

Rod. Oh damn’d Iago! oh inhuman dog! ‘ Oh!

‘ oh! oh!

Iago. Kill men i’ the dark? Where be these bloody thieves?

How silent is this town? Ho! murder! murder!

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signor Lodovico? —

Lod. He, Sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy: here’s Cassio hurt by villains.

Gra. Cassio?

Iago. How is it, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

‘ Light, gentlemen, I’ll bind it with my shirt.

‘ Enter Bianca.

‘ *Bian.* What is the matter, ho? who is’t that cry’d?

‘ *Iago.* Who is’t that cry’d?

‘ *Bian.* Oh my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!

‘ Oh Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

‘ *Iago.* O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you suspect

‘ Who they should be that have thus mangled you?

‘ *Cas.* No.

‘ *Gra.* I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to
‘ seek you.

‘ *Iago.* Lend me a garter. So.—Oh for a chair

‘ To bear him easily hence!

‘ *Bian.* Alas, he faints:—oh Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

‘ *Iago.* Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash,

‘ To be a party in this injury.

‘ Patience a while, good Cassio.—Come, come,

‘ Lend me a light.—Know we this face, ‘or no?’

Alas ! my friend, and my dear countryman
Roderigo ? No : yes, sure : yes, 'tis Roderigo.

• *Gra.* What, of Venice ?

• *Iago.* Even he, Sir ; did you know him ?

• *Gra.* Know him ? ay.

• *Iago.* Signor Gratiano ? I cry your gentle pardon.

• These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,

• That so neglected you.

• *Gra.* I am glad to see you.

• *Iago.* How do you, Cassio ? Oh, a chair, a chair !

• *Gra.* Roderigo !

• *Iago.* He, he, 'tis he. Oh, that's well said ;—the
‘ chair.

• Some good man bear him carefully from hence ;

• I'll fetch the general's surgeon. For you, mistress,

‘ [To Bianca.]

• Save you your labour. He that lies slain here, Cassio,

• Was my dear friend. What malice was between you ?

‘ *Cas.* None in the world ; nor do I know the man.

• *Iago.* [To Bianca.] What, look you pale ?—Oh, bear
‘ him out o' the air.

• Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress ?

• Do you perceive the gaftness of her eye ? —

• Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.

• Behold her well ; I pray you, look upon her ;

• Do you see, gentlemen ? Nay, guiltiness

• Will speak, though tongues were out of use.'

Enter *Æmilia*.

Æmil. Alas, what is the matter ?
What is the matter, husband ?

Iago. Cassio has here been set on in the dark
By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scap'd :
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

• *Æmil.* Alas, good gentleman ! alas, good Cassio !

• *Iago.* This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, *Æmilia*,

• Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night : —

• What, do you shake at that ?

• *Bian.* He supp'd at my house ; but I therefore
‘ shake not.

• *Iago.* Oh, did he so ? I charge you, go with me.

• *Æmil.* Oh, fie upon thee, strumpet !

• *Bian.*

‘ *Bian.* I am no strumpet; but of life as honest
 ‘ As you that thus abuse me.
 ‘ *Æmil.* As I? foh! fie upon thee!
 ‘ *Iago.* Kind gentlemen, let’s go see poor Cassio dress’d.
 ‘ Come, *mistress*, you must tell us another tale.
Æmilia, run you to the citadel,
 And tell my lord and lady what hath hap’d —
 Will you go on afore? — This is the night,
 That either makes me, or foredoes me quite. [Exit.]

SCENE, *A bed-chamber: Desdemona asleep in bed.*

Enter Othello with a light and sword.

Otb. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul; —
 Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars,
 It is the cause! — Yet I’ll not shed her blood;
 Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
 And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[Lays down his sword.

Yet she must die, else she’ll betray more men.
 Put out the light, and, then — Put out the light!
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
 I can again thy former light restore,
 Should I repent ‘ me:’ but once put out thy light,
 Thou cunning’it pattern of excelling nature,
 I know not where is that Promethean heat,
 That can thy light relumine. — [Sets down the taper.
 When I have pluck’d thy rose,
 I cannot give it vital growth again;
 It needs must wither. — I’ll smell it on the tree;

[Kissing her.

Oh balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
 Justice to break her sword! — One more, one more.
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
 And love thee after: — once more, and this, the last.
 So sweet, was ne’er so fatal. I must weep,
 But they are cruel tears: this sorrow’s heavenly;
 It strikes, where it doth love. — She wakes —

Def. Who’s there? Othello?

Otb. Ay, Desdemona.

Def. Will you come to bed my lord?

Otb. Have you pray’d to-night, Desdemona?

Def. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Def. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief. I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No—heavens forefend! I would not kill thy soul.

Def. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Def. Then heaven have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Def. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum.

Def. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear, I know not,
Since guilt I know not; 'but' yet, I feel, I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Def. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Def. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Def. I will so. What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief

Which I so lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'st Cassio.

Def. No, by my life and soul.—Send for the man,
And ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed, take heed of perjury;
Thou art on thy death-bed.

Def. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. 'Yes,' presently;
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choak, the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Def. Oh, heaven have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, Amen.

Def. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,

But

But with such general warranty of heaven,
As I might love. I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.
Oh perjur'd woman ! thou dost ston me heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then :
I never gave it him ;—send for him hither,
Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord ?

Oth. That he hath — us'd thee.

Des. How ? unlawfully ?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd.
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. My fear interprets then.—What, is he dead ?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet ! Weep'st thou for him to my
face ?

Des. Oh banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet !

Des. Kill me to-morrow, but let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive —

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. [He smothers her.

Æmilie without the door.

Æmil. My lord, my lord ! What ho ! my lord, my
lord !

Oth. What noise is this ? Not dead ? not yet quite
dead ?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful ;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.
So, so.

Æmil. within.] What ho ! my lord, my lord !

Oth. Who's there?

Æmil. Oh, my good lord, I would speak a word with you.

Oth. Yes—tis *Æmilia*.—By and by.—She's dead.

'Tis like, she comes to speak of *Cassio*'s death;
The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? Were't good?
I think she stirs again.—No. What's the beit?
If she come in, she'll, sure, speak to my wife.
My wife! my wife! What wife? I have no wife.
Oh insupportable! oh heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

Æmil. I 'do' beseech you, I may speak with you.

Oh, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee; 'oh,' come in, *Æmilia*.

'Soft.—By and by.—Let me the curtains draw.

'Where art thou?' What's the matter with thee now?

[Unlocks the door.

Enter *Æmilia*.

Æmil. Oh, my good lord, yonder foul murder's done.

Oth. What? now?

Æmil. But now, my lord?

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Æmil. *Cassio*, my lord, hath kill'd
A young Venetian, called *Roderigo*.

Oth. *Roderigo* killed? and *Cassio* kill'd?

Æmil. No, *Cassio* is not kill'd?

Oth. Not *Cassio* killed? Then murder's out of
tune,

And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Def. Oh falsly, falsly murder'd!

Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Æmil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.
Help! help, ho! help! oh lady, speak again!
Sweet *Desdemona*! oh sweet mistrels, speak!

Def. A guiltless death I die.

Æmil. Oh, who hath done this deed?

Def.

Des. Nobody ; I myself ; farewell :
Commend me to my kind lord. Oh, farewell. [Dies.]

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd ?

Æmil. Alias ! who knows ?

Oth. You heard her say herself it was not I.

Æmil. She said so ; I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's like a liar gone to burning hell ;
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Æmil. Oh, the more angel she,
And thou the blacker devil.

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Æmil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Æmil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false.— Oh, she was heavenly true !

Oth. Cassio did use her ; ask thy husband else :
Oh, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Æmil. My husband ?

Oth. Thy husband.

Æmil. That she was false to wedlock ?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world,
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

‘ *Æmil.* My husband ?

‘ *Oth.* Ay, 'twas he that told me first ;

‘ An honest man he is, and hates the slime
• That sticks on filthy deeds.’

Æmil. My husband ?

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman ?

I say, thy husband ?

‘ *Æmil.* Oh, mistress ! villainy has made mocks with
‘ lov.

‘ My husband say that she was false ?

‘ *Oth.* He, woman ;

‘ I say, thy husband ;’ do'st understand the word ?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Æmil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day ! he lies to the heart.

She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha !

Æmil.

Æmil. Do thy worst.

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Otb. Peace, you were best.

Æmil. I thou hast not half that power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. Oh gull ! oh dolt !
As ignorant as dirt ! thou hast done a deed —
I care not for thy sword, I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help ! help, ho ! help !
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress : murder ! murder !

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.

Mon. ‘ What is the matter ?’ How now, general ?

Æmil. Oh, are you come, Iago ? you have done
well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter ?

Æmil. Disprove this, villain, if thou be’st a man ;
He says, thou toldst him that his wife was false :
I know, thou did not ; thou’rt not such a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought ; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Æmil. But did you ever tell him she was false ?

Iago. I did.

Æmil. You told a lie ; an odious, damned lie :
Upon my soul, a lie ; a wicked lie.
She false with Cassio !—Did you say with Cassio ?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress. ‘ Go to ; charm your
‘ tongue.

‘ *Æmil.* I will not charm my tongue ; I am bound to
‘ speak ;

‘ My mistress lies here murder’d in her bed.

‘ *All.* Oh heavens forefend !

‘ *Æmil.* And your reports have set the murder on.

‘ *Otb.* Nay, stare not, masters.—It is true, indeed.

‘ *Gra.* ’Tis a strange truth.

‘ *Mon.* Oh monstrous act !

‘ *Æmil.* Villainy, villainy, villainy !

‘ I think upon’t — I think — I smell’t — Oh villainy !

‘ I thought so then — I’ll kill myself for grief —

‘ Oh villainy, villainy !’

‘ *Iago.* ’

‘Iago.’ What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Æmil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak.
‘Tis proper I obey him, but not now: —

Perchance, Iago, I will ne’er go home.

Oth. Oh! oh! oh! [Othello looking on his wife.]

Æmil. Nay, lay thee down and roar;
For thou hast kill’d the sweetest innocent
That e’er did lift up eye.

Oth. Oh, she was foul! — [Rising.]
I scarce did know you, uncle. There lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp’d.
I know this act shews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father’s dead:
‘Thy match was mortal to him — and pure grief
‘Shore his old thread in twain.’ Did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn;
Yea, curse his better angel from his tide,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. ‘Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio had the act of shame
A thousand times committed.—Cassio confess’d it;
And she did gratify his amorous works,
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;
It was an handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Æmil. Oh heaven! oh heavenly powers!

‘Iago. Come, hold your peace.

‘Æmil. ‘Twill out, ‘twill out; — I hold my peace?
‘ Sir? no!

‘ No, I will speak as liberal as the north;
‘ Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
‘ All, all cry shame against me, yet I’ll speak.

‘Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

‘Æmil. I will not. [Iago offers to stab his wife.]

‘Gra. Fie! your sword upon a woman?

‘Æmil. Oh, thou dull Moor! That handkerchief,
thou speak’st of,
I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong’d to such a trifle)
He begg’d of me to steal it.

Iago.

‘ *Iago*. Villainous whore !

‘ *Æmil*. She give it Cassio !—alas, I found it,
‘ And I did give it my husband.’

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Æmil. By heaven, I do not ; I do not, gentlemen.
Oh murd’rous coxcomb ! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife ?

[*Iago stabs his wife, then runs out.*]

Otb. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder ?—Precious villain !

Gra. The woman falls ; sure, he has kill’d his wife.

‘ *Æmil* Ay, ah : oh, lay me by my mistress’ side.

‘ *Gra.* He’s gone ; but his wife’s kill’d.

Mon. ‘ ‘Tis a notorious villain.’ Take this weapon,
Which I have here recover’d from the Moor :
Come, guard the door without ; let him not pass,
But kill him rather. All after that same villain,
‘ For ‘tis a damned slave.’ [*Exeunt Mon. and Gra.*]

Otb. I am not valiant neither ;
But every puny whistler gets my sword.
But why should honour out-live honesty ?
Let it go all.

Æmil. ‘ What did thy song bode, lady ?
‘ Hark, can’t thou hear me ? I will play the swan,
‘ And die in musick. Willow, willow, willow.’—
Moor, she was chaste ; she lov’d thee, cruel Moor :
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true ;
So speaking as I think, I die—I die. [*Æmil dies.*]

Otb. I have another weapon in this chamber ;
It was a sword of Spain, the ice-brook’s temper ;
Oh, here it is. — Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [within.] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee
dear ;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Otb. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter ?

Otb. Behold ! I have a weapon :
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier’s thigh. I have seen the day,

That,

That, with this single arm, and this good sword,
 I have made my way through more impediments
 Than twenty times your stop:—but, oh vain boast!
 Who can controul his fate? 'tis not so now.—
 • Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
 • Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
 • The very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
 • Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear:
 Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
 And he retires.—Where should Othello go?
 Now—how dost thou look now? oh ill-starr'd wench!
 Pale as thy smock! When we shall meet at compt,
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
 And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?—
 Even like thy chastity.
 • O cursed, cursed slave!—Wh're ye devils,
 From the possession of this heaven? fight!
 Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
 Oh Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!
 Dead! oh! oh! oh!

*Enter Lodovico, Cassio brought in, Montano with Iago
 prisoner, and Officers.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?
Oth. That's he that was Othello: 'here I am.'
Lod. Where is that viper? Bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable.
 If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Othello wounds Iago.*

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.
Iago. I bleed, Sir, but am not kill'd.
Oth. I am not sorry, neither. I'd have thee live;
 For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.
Lod. Oh thou, Othello, that wast once so good,
 Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,
 What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing:
 An honourable murderer, if you will;
 For naught I did in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy.
 Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth.

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.

Will you, I pray, demand that demi devil,

Why he has thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know.

From this time forth I never will speak word.

‘*Lod.* What? not to pray?’

‘*Gra.* Torments will ope your lips.’

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Oth. Oh villain!

‘*Cas.* Most heathenish, and most gross!’

Lod. Now, here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too: and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O thou pernicious caitiff! —
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber:
And he himself confess'd, but even now,
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. Oh fool, fool, fool!

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,
How he upbraids Iago that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast. And even but now, he spake,
After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,

It shall be his. Away with him. [Exit Iago guarded.
You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state: — come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know it;
No more of that.—I pray, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak
Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drops tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this:
And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him thus.

[Stabs himself.

Lod. Oh bloody period!
Gra. All that is spoke, is marr'd.
Oth. I kiss'd thee, 'ere I kill'd thee.—No way but
this, [Falling upon Desdem.
Killing myself to die upon a kiss.] [Dies.
Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon,
For he was of great heart.'

Lod. Oh Spartan dog!
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
This is thy work: the object poisons sight;—
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed to you. To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture;—Oh! inforce it!
Myself will straight aboard; and to the state
This heavy act, with heavy heart, relate. [Exeunt.

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